

#### 30+ MILF Presents

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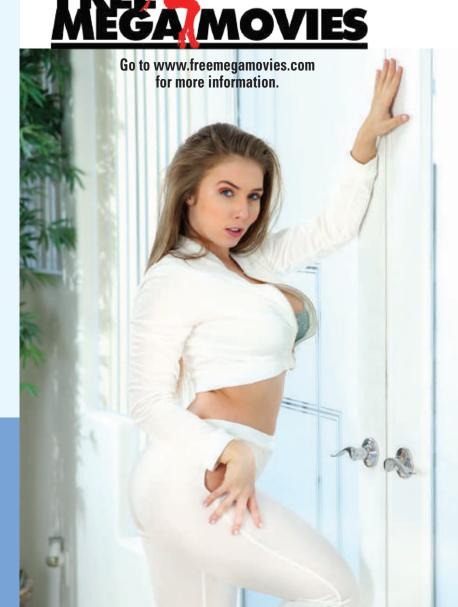
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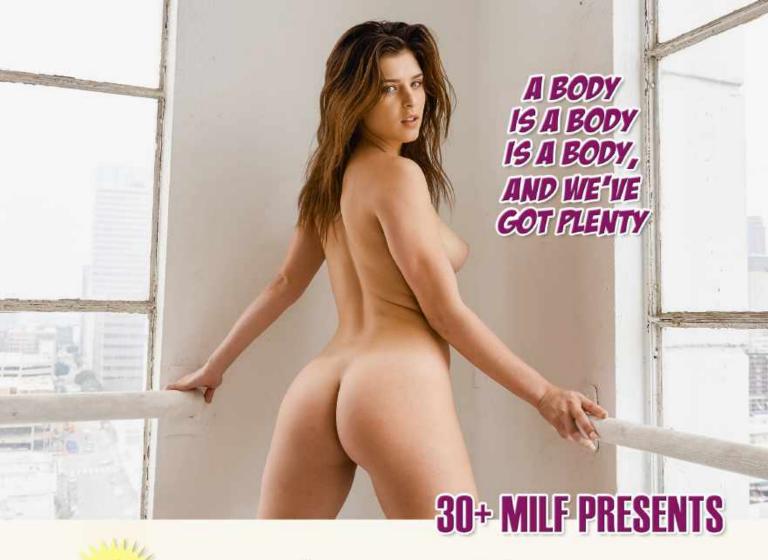












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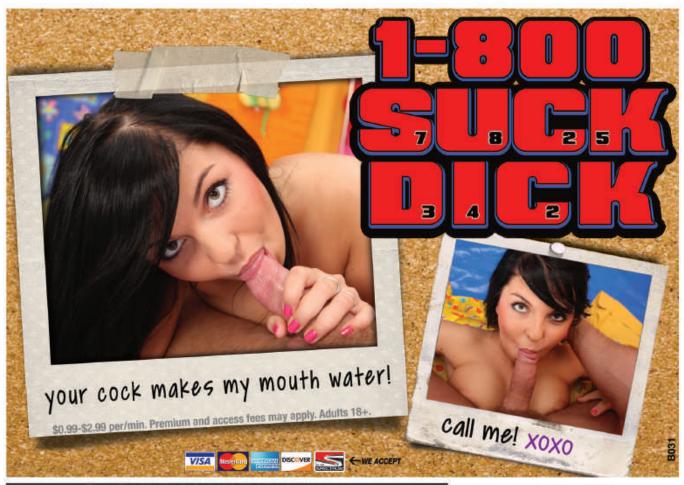
























### TRASHY TEEN TWAT

Dusk brought relief from the sweltering heat of the day, but the stench of sun baked garbage—bags and bags of the stuff—remained as strong as ever. I sat in a lawn chair behind the restaurant, guarding our dumpster like a sentinel, which wasn't far from the truth.

Dumpster duty, my boss had jokingly referred to my assignment for the night. "But I'm a cook," I had complained. "Not anymore," he had told me. "At least not until this damned strike comes to a close."

A sanitation strike had been plaguing the city for almost a week. Bags of garbage were strew all over the place—piled on sidewalks and curbs, tossed haphazardly in parking lots, even dumped in the middle of streets, creating perilous obstacle courses for motorists.

Fortunately the restaurant's dumpster was maintained by a private company. Still, this hadn't prevented desperate citizens from using it as a receptacle for their trash. Fed up with the situation, my boss had told me to guard the bin with an iron fist. "That's our dumpster," he had said with rising frustration. "Strictly off limits to the general public; nobody—and I mean nobody—is allowed anywhere near the damned thing. You understand?"

"Sure thing, boss," I had replied, smiling when he had handed me the lawn chair. At least I would be comfortable. "Don't worry about a thing. You can count on me."

So there I sat, bored as Hell, wondering when our incompetent mayor was going do his job and resolve the problem. Of course it was easy money, the easiest I had ever made. I was being paid to sit on my ass and look mean whenever somebody drove behind the restaurant in search of a dumpster. This happened more often than you would think. Folks were desperate and out of options.

I felt sorry for them, sure. But I had a job to do. Now was not the time to make concessions. Allowing one person to use our dumpster would open a floodgate. Word would hit the streets. Next thing you know every Tom, Dick, and Harry would be coming around looking for a place to discard their refuse.

"Iron fist," my boss had said. This meant no exceptions. So that's how I went about the job.

Until the old pickup truck, its bed heaped with sacks of trash, wheeled into the lot.

At first I gave the occupants of the truck—two teenage girls—my sternest expression. When this didn't work I shook my head as if to say: Move along, ladies. Don't even think about it. But the truck remained, idling there behind the restaurant. The two conferred with one another for a minute or two before the driver cut off the engine and they stepped out of the cab.

Wow, I thought with sudden alacrity. A couple of teenage sluts! The driver wore a bikini top, Daisy Dukes, and

sneakers with no socks. Her friend sported an oversized T-shirt, which extended almost to her knees, and flip flops. The shirt was white and sheer, allowing me to make out her unrestrained tits and the dark triangle of her bikini bottom. Clearly they had spent the day swimming. I imagined some backwoods swimming hole not far from their trailer park. The smells of suntan lotion and mentholated cigarettes intensified as they neared, comingling with the malodorous dumpster to create a fairly noxious scent.

I rose from the lawn chair. "Sorry," I began, "but this is a private dumpster."

The driver, tall and blonde, smiled good-naturedly. "But there's nowhere else to go. We've been driving all over the place. Every dumpster in this city is full . . . "

"Yeah," said her friend, a short brunette, "and we don't want to just dump it in the street . . ."

I counted at least half a dozen black trash bags in the bed of the truck. "I hear you," I said, "and I wish I could help. But this dumpster is for restaurant use only. I could lose my job if I let—"

#### THE SHIRT WAS WHITE AND SHEER, ALLOWING ME TO MAKE OUT HER UNRESTRAINED TITS AND THE DARK TRIANGLE OF HER BIKINI BOTTOM.

"Daddy's gonna' kill me," the blonde interrupted. "He told me not to even think about coming home until I had gotten rid of the trash . . . "

"Yeah," her friend chimed in, looking at me for sympathy, "and her dad is meaner than a snake."

"Especially when he's drunk," the blonde added. "And he was wasted when we left the trailer park."

Theirs was one hell of a sob story, a real tear jerker of a tale. I didn't know whether to believe it or not. But they were easy on the eyes and a welcome diversion so I kept them talking.

"Wasted, huh?" I remarked, my eyes roving all over their low rent pulchritude.

"Drunk as a skunk," the brunette said.

"She ain't kidding." The blonde nodded. "There's no telling what he'll do if I come home with all that trash."

I didn't want this on my conscience. They may have been lying, sure. Then again, maybe not. And if they weren't—well, I didn't want to be partially responsible for whatever cruel punishment the drunken father meted out.

"Well," I said with growing excitement, "perhaps we can work something out . . . "

My iron fist was promptly supplanted by an iron cock; this after I had led the two teens behind the dumpster where we could enjoy some much needed privacy.

No arm twisting was necessary, no coercion of any sort; these two were unapologetic sluts down to party. Their knowing smiles beamed as they followed me to the little hidey hole between the steel trash bin and a weathered wooden fence bordering the property.

Just thinking about the possibilities had me harder





than a riot stick. I reached for my zipper, then froze, my face suddenly etched with concern. "How old are you two?"

"Eighteen," they replied in unison.

My night was getting better and better. I freed my cock, offering it for the first eager mouth. This turned out to be the blonde; she squatted and went to work, licking my balls and shaft expertly as her friend reached under that oversized T-shirt and removed her bikini bottom. Next thing I knew her shirt was off as well, granting me a nice gander of her sizable tits.

As the blonde proceeded to devour me in earnest, the brunette leaned against the fence and rubbed her hairless pussy with one hand, her tits with the other, getting hotter and wetter while her friend shellacked my dick.

It wasn't long before the blonde stopped and regarded her friend. "Come on," she said. "Get over here and help me suck this big cock."

The brunette did just that, squatting beside the blonde and gobbling my balls as her partner in fellatio kept right on polishing my knob.

The stink of garbage was forgotten, tonight's dumpster duty relegated to a far corner of my mind. I had these two eighteen-year-old sluts to thank for that. They had salvaged what would have surely been a long and boring night. It was time to reciprocate, I knew, time to give them what

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE BLONDE STOPPED AND REGARDED HER FRIEND. "COME ON," SHE SAID. "GET OVER HERE AND HELP ME SUCK THIS BIG COCK."

every trashy teen twat lives for . . .

I had every intention of fucking them both. Unfortunately my boss chose that exact moment to come out back and check on me. He was infuriated, of course.

"What in the hell are you doing!?" He stood there—eyes as big as saucers, mouth agape—peering at the tawdry scene with a mixture of shock and disgust.

The girls fumbled for their clothes. I tucked my cock in my pants, stuttering and stammering as I tried to conjure some lame excuse. My boss wasn't interested. He fired me on the spot, telling me that he never wanted to see my face again.

"What about my last check?" I asked.

"I'll mail it to you," he said. "Now get the hell out of here!" He glowered at my teen friends. "And take these sluts with you!"

We wanted to resume the threesome at the point where we were so rudely interrupted. The trailer park—what with the blonde's drunken father and all—was off limits. So I hopped in my car and had them follow me to my apartment where I had plenty of booze on hand.

The girls got fairly drunk. Ever cognizant of the dreaded "whiskey dick," I kept my drinking to a minimum. Now was not the time to suffer from erectile dysfunction. Who knew? I may never have an opportunity like this again. After all, it's not every day that a thirty-something guy gets the chance









to bang a pair of barely legal babes.

Things heated up quickly once we retired to my bedroom and got undressed. The brunette went down on her friend, eating the blonde's pussy right there on my bed while I stood there jerking my prick. It was quite a sight. The blonde wrapped her long legs around the brunette's head, squeezing it like a vise as she responded to her friend's talented tongue. I was still stroking myself when they switched positions, the blonde returning the favor by going down on the brunette.

I moved to the foot of the bed; this new vantage point afforded me a spectacular view of the blonde's raised ass. Hers was a stellar caboose, a shapely little golden apple just begging to be reamed. Her pussy lips, puffy and moist, were on full display.

At least until I hopped on the bed, moved behind her, and skewered them with my stiff rod. This prompted her to lap the brunette's pussy with increased enthusiasm. My hands holding her narrow hips, I thrust repeatedly, plunging my cock into her tight teen twat.

The blonde's head moved rhythmically as she serviced her friend. The brunette's face twisted with pleasure as she was brought closer and closer to orgasm. I gazed longingly at her big tits, imagining them beaded with cum, my cum, the load boiling in my balls.

## THE BRUNETTE WENT DOWN ON HER FRIEND, EATING THE BLONDE'S PUSSY RIGHT THERE ON MY BED WHILE I STOOD THERE JERKING MY PRICK.

I pounded the blonde's pussy until I was right there on the cliff's edge, then withdrew and scooted around to her friend's massive chest. No stroking was necessary, not a single pull, to uncork my cock. I released a torrent of jizz all over those glorious mounds, coating them as the brunette came; she gasped and moaned and writhed beneath the blonde who continued to lap her leaking cunt.

We were standing at the curb outside my apartment when the blonde looked at her daddy's pickup truck and said, "I still don't know what I'm going to do with all that damned trash . . . "

"Don't worry about it," I told her. "I'll take care of everything."

"You will?"

"You bet."

"What are you doing to do?" the brunette asked.

I looked at the blonde and held out my hand. "Keys please..."

She handed them over. Then they climbed in the cab beside me. I drove to the restaurant. The place was closed for the night, the parking lot empty, the dumpster unquarded.

Still, I didn't use the privately maintained bin.

Not after getting fired.

My boss deserved something far worse; so I gave it to him, dumping the contents of the bags—all eight of them—in his favorite parking space.



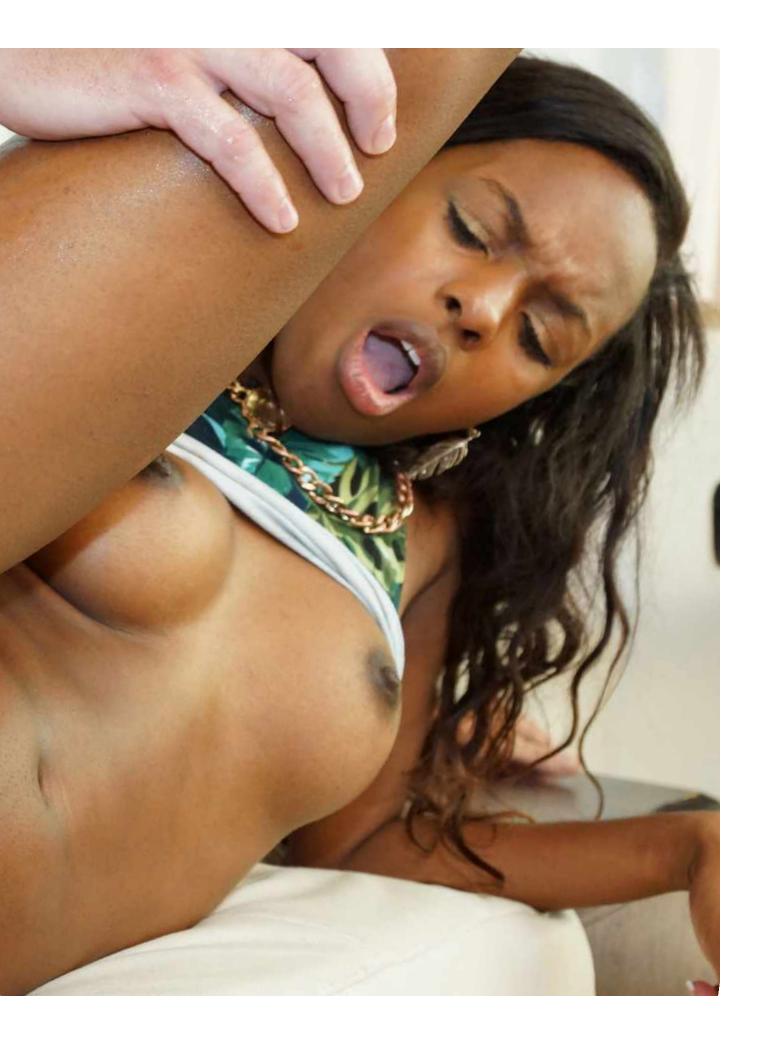




































































































## The truth will get you fucked

## by Robert Williams

A dour nurse rolled me out of the elevator and down an antiseptic corridor en route to a set of highly polished sliding glass doors. Sweet freedom awaited, a sunny day marking my release from the hospital where I had spent the night after yesterday's crazy stunt.

Suicide watch, they had called it. And why not?

Hell, I had deliberately crashed my car into a bridge abutment!

What they—the doctors and my parents—didn't know was that I had never intended to kill myself. I hadn't been traveling at a high rate of speed when I struck the abutment; just fast enough to warrant a trip to the hospital where I had played my role to perfection.

It had all been part of my plan to avoid military service. I had foolishly enlisted just last week; this before I came to my senses and realized the folly of my decision. Call it cold feet, call it cowardice, call it whatever you want; fact is I had regretted signing my life away at the local army recruitment center, so much so that I hatched yesterday's over-the-top scheme.

I had yet to hear from my recruiter, but it was only a matter of time. As soon as the doctors informed him of my suicide attempt I would be scot fee, deemed mentally unstable and unfit for military service.

Now, waiting in the wheelchair as my girlfriend's car wheeled to the curb, I steeled myself for the forthcoming discussion. Jamie was just as clueless as the others; she actually thought she was picking up her suicidal boyfriend from the hospital to take him home.

How would she respond upon learning the truth? Would she consider me a spineless coward for dodging the military? Or would she be flattered?

I really hoped for the latter. After all, I had done it to save our relationship. The reality of being separated from Jamie had been too much to bear, especially when I thought about her spectacular body and all of the hot sex I would forever be missing.

"Pull in here," I told Jamie, indicating the convenience store on the busy corner.

She looked surprised. "But your parents are waiting. I told them I'd bring you straight home . . . "

"I need to tell you something."

"So tell me."

"No, Jamie. I need your undivided attention. This is really important."

She whipped into the parking lot beside the air pump and killed the engine. She turned to face me, her face etched with concern.

This was it, I thought. The moment of truth. The big revelation. I took a deep breath and told her everything. Jamie











remained silent throughout my confession. When I had finished she just there, peering through the windshield at the traffic on the busy thoroughfare. Then she looked at me and said, "I'm flattered."

I searched Jamie's face. "You are?"

"Big time," she nodded. "That you would go to such an extreme to avoid the military—to stay here with me—you bet I'm flattered . . . "

I smiled. A huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. "I was hoping you'd say that."

"... and turned on, too," she added, placing her hand on my thigh and giving it a squeeze.

What with my parents waiting and all it would have to be a quickie, so Jamie drove around behind the store where we could have some privacy.

No sooner had she parked the car beside a dumpster than her hands were tugging on my zipper. She stroked my cock with a determined tugging motion, making me harder than a brickbat. Then she leaned over the center console and spat on me, coating my hard-on with spittle. Jamie had a cottonmouth; her saliva was thick and white and frothy.

I pulled the seat lever and reclined as she continued to jerk my prick with intense focus, regarding it as if she were a scientist peering into a microscope. I thought she was going to stroke me to completion, which would have been just fine, but Jamie had another idea.

She released my cock and climbed over the console, lifting her skirt as she did so, hiking the hem above her hips. Straddling me, she pushed her cotton panties aside to accommodate my turgid, spit-shined manhood.

Jamie's pussy, tight and hot and wet, encased my cock. I

grunted. She sighed dreamily. My hands held her slender waist as she proceeded to ride me with a slow rocking motion. She felt amazing.

I was reminded of what a fool I had been for enlisting in the military. My future was still uncertain—at least in terms of a career—but I didn't give a damn. Not now, not with Jamie riding me like a slutty cowgirl. And certainly not when she unbuttoned her blouse and unlatched her front closure bra, liberating her magnificent tits.

The sight of her luscious mounds bouncing as she rode me had an instantaneous effect. I had never been so excited in my life. My cock was a rigid baton. Jamie's cunt squeezed me. The inevitable explosion, hers and mine, was only seconds away.

Thankfully she came first. My girlfriend's satisfaction was important to me. I may have been young—eighteen to be exact—but I was no selfish lover. Jamie had taught me well.

Despite having gotten off good and proper, she kept riding me with frenzied abandon, grinding her pussy until I creamed it with a hefty load of spunk.

My parents were waiting on the porch when Jamie pulled into the driveway. They had aged ten years in a mere twenty-four hours. They looked even worse than they had at my bed-side last night. Of course they were worried sick. As far as they knew their only son was a suicidal mess.

"Are you going to tell them?" Jamie asked me.

"I'm not sure," I replied. "Maybe I'll just milk this thing for all it's worth."

"Milk it, huh?" For the second time that day Jamie reached over and squeezed my thigh. "I can think of something I'd like to milk  $\dots$ "

"Make love," I said with a smile, "not war."



















































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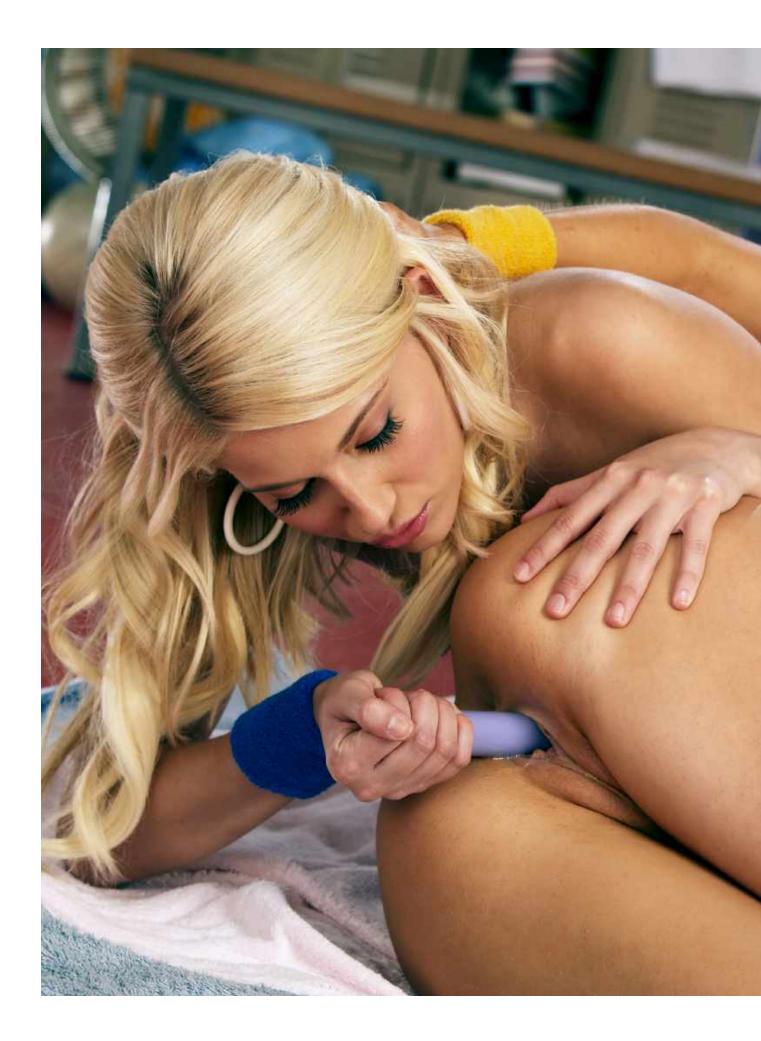




















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